

Delicious Dishes by **MaggiesRhee**

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Summary:

Still getting used to what the real world is all about, Eleven gets the chance to try some foods and other experiences that intrigue her.

Delicious Dishes

There was much that Eleven had been forced to get used to after she was successfully rescued from the otherworld she had been in. The bad world that sucked her in when she defeated the monster. One of the many things that Eleven found more curious by the day, was the abundance of food that was put in front of her on an everyday basis. Joyce, the woman who felt more like a parent to her than Papa ever did, insisted that she only eat the healthiest meals to better build up her slim figure. Most of the food was good, especially when she could sneak in Eggos when she was not looking. There was something about waffles that buttered her insides more than any other food. On that particular morning, Joyce was preparing something that looked red and clear on the inside. The harsh *chop chop* sound the knife made made her flinch. Looking at Will as he skidded to a halt by the table, she gazed silently at him. Will was a sweet boy who made her feel welcome in his home, and even found her to be something of an oddity when she revealed that she had no idea how to work a phone, or even what a game was.

"Hey, Ele," Will said, turning his focus to her as he stuffed his bag with something that looked questionable. "Sleep okay?"

Eleven nodded slowly. "Yes." Although Will was easy to get along with, and seemed nice enough, he was no Mike. She would see him later after he returned home from school. Joyce was trying to fit her in to see a doctor (whoever that person was), before she went to school. According to her, there were shots to be given to her, and a complete medical examination. Eleven tried not to let those words scare her.

Will nodded easily. "Good, good. What about the comforter? It used to belong to me, so-"

Eleven tilted her head to the side. "Com-for-ter?" She recognized how badly she needed to brush up on the objects and foods that the people around her used, but there was so much to take in.

"Yeah," Will said, shrugging as though her confusion was no big deal. "It's that heavy, warm thing that you slept under last night. It can also

be called a blanket."

"Blan-ket. Com-for-ter." Eleven tried those two words out in her mind, and came to the conclusion that she liked the word "comforter" a lot better. "Comforter."

"That's right. You should be nice and warm under there. My Mom got it for me on Christmas a few years ago."

Eleven nodded along, but she had no concept of what Christmas was. Or even what the mushy white stuff on the ground was. Her time spent in the research lab since she was a baby, had not given her any access to the outside world she was trying so desperately to join. One of the many things that people used in everyday life, could completely confound someone like her. To their credit, the family who took her in, made no fuss with having to explain all of that to her. On the contrary, they seemed *happy* to be her guide. Lifting her head to meet Joyce's kind gaze when she set a plate of those red and clear foods in front of her, she picked at one of the slices uncertainly. Bringing it to her nose, the food smelled delicious to her senses. Taking a slow bite out of the food, it tasted sweet and not like the meager food she had eaten before.

"What...what is this?"

"They're called apples," Joyce explained. "They're very good for a growing girl like you. They're healthy."

"That," Jonathan said, coming into the room with his bag slung over one shoulder. "Is debatable."